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THE

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F I F T H O D E

O F T H E

F I R S T B O O K

O F

H O R A C E

I M I T A T E D.

*Boyle & K*

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By J O H N *Earl of* O R R E R Y.

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M D C C X L I I.

P. T. R. R. H. N.

THE

FIRST

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

H. O. R. N. C. E.

IMITATED

JOHN E. G. G. G.

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JOHN E. G. G. G.

OF THE



## The PREFACE.

A Spurious Copy of this Imitation of *Horace* having sometime ago stolen into Print, it is now offered in a more correct and a properer Manner to the Publick. The Difficulty of transfusing the Odes of *Horace* into any other Language, is best known by considering how his most approved Translators have succeeded in their Endeavours. To this End let us take a succinct Review of *Dacier* and *Sanadon*, each of whom have translated the Odes in a different Manner. *Dacier* aims at justly conveying the Sentiments unadorned with the Charms and Flights of Poetry; and therefore, upon the whole, has no nearer Resemblance to *Horace*, than a Print bears to a Painting. He gives indeed a faithful Transcript of the Design, but without the Graces, the Colouring, or the Warmth which inspire and enliven the Picture.

*Sanadon,*



*Sanadon*, tho' he writes in Prose, yet presumes to have preserved the Poetical Spirit of the Author: An Attempt, which frequently leads him out of the Way, even so far as to deviate from *Horace's* Manner and Meaning. He does not aim, or at least he does not arrive, at that *Curiosa Felicitas* in Diction, which is One of the principal and most shining Parts in the Poet's Character. For *Horace* in one Expression often delicately collects various Ideas, like Rays reflected from the Surface of a Mirrour, into one piercing bright Point; while *Sanadon*, by too tedious a Poetical Paraphrase, diffuses and weakens all the Author's Images, and makes them appear only like lengthened Shades of the illustrious Original. The *Vultus nimium lubricus aspici* of *Horace*, hath so confounded the enamoured *Sanadon*, by too quick a Succession of Charms, that he seems to have been smitten at one View with innumerable Objects of Beauty, and by endeavouring to fix his Eyes upon them all, is dazled and lost in the Prospect.

But,



But, if we consider the Nature of Lyricks, a Prose Translation will be found absolutely incapable of equalling the Divine Spirit, and rapturous Flights, with which that Kind of Poetry abounds. Musick, Numbers, and Sentiments, all conspired to give Strength, Sweetness, and Beauty to the Song. As Musick made one essential Part of Lyrick Poetry, how much more necessary is it to preserve the Harmony of Numbers, where we want the Harmony of the Lyre, and how inanimated must a Lyrick Ode appear when deprived of both? Elevated Sentiments may have Force to raise Admiration, but never to charm: There is a real Magick in Numbers, which delights and captivates the Mind, and answers that irresistible Power, which lay concealed in the Zone of *Venus*,

In which was ev'ry Art, and ev'ry Charm  
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm,  
Fond Love, the gentle Vow, the gay Desire,  
The kind Deceit, the still reviving Fire,

Persuasive

Persuasive Speech, and more persuasive Sighs,  
Silence that spoke, and Eloquence of Eyes. \*

From the first Foundation of *Rome*, we have no Instance of Lyrick Poetry, 'till the Reign of *Augustus*, when *Horace*, by the Strength of an uncommon Genius, and by forming his Muse on the Model of the best *Greek* Poets, gave at once the Delicacy and Softness of Lyrick Numbers to the *Roman* Language : But, although he kept the *Grecians* always in View, by mixing and adapting their Measures to his own native Tongue, yet he avoided too servile an Imitation either of *Pindar*, or any other of their Poets ; and by treading in an unbeaten Path, and imitating them with Freedom and Judgment, he claims a just Title to the Laurel, and must be ever acknowledged an Original Author. He takes Notice of this to *Mæcenas*, where he says,

Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,  
Non aliena meo pressi pede, &c. Lib. 1. Ep. 19.

It

\* Pope. *Iliad* 14. Line 247.

It may be observed, that in several Odes, or at least in some particular Parts of them, the *Roman* Poet strictly follows his *Grecian* Predecessors in Sentiments, Expression, and Measure: In others again he deviates from them, and while he gives his Imagination free Liberty, carefully adapts his Style and Numbers to the Subject. The Point he aims at is,

Descriptas fervare vices operumq; colores.

Art. Poet. ver. 86.

And in this he has succeeded so happily, that the best Rules which can be followed in imitating *Horace*, are the same which he himself has exemplified in imitating the *Greeks*. Where there is a Dignity in the Subject, he breathes a noble Air of Enthusiasm, or to describe him almost in his own Words,

Nil parvum, aut humili modo,

Nil mortale loquitur.

Lib. 3. Ode 25.

And when he descends to lighter and more familiar Subjects, (as in the subsequent Ode) the Dignity is not lost, but becomes



becomes more amiable like a Goddess in a mortal Form, yet preserving a divine Air and Motion,

Et vera *incessu* patuit Dea.

By a peculiar Happiness of Expression, he animates and adorns every Image which he sets before us. If he sings of Wine, he gives it a finer Flavour than it receives from the Sun ; if of Women, he lavishes more Charms upon them than any other Art, but his own, can bestow. He makes the Social Joys appear gayer, and more delightful, than they generally are: And he convinces us in every Line, that no servile Copy, or literal Translation, whether in Prose or Verse, can reach his Elegance, or equal his Poetry. In order therefore to hit the Mark, we must keep at a proper Distance, and to give any Idea of his Beauties, must adapt them as much as possible to the Manners of our Country, and the Times in which we live. In short, this incomparable *Roman* must be ever treated paraphrastically, and at large ;

( vii )

large ; and perhaps by taking a sufficient  
Compass, there is a Possibility of con-  
veying his Meaning, and some small De-  
gree of his Spirit, to an *English* Reader,  
which has been humbly attempted in the  
following Lines.

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B     *H O R A C E*



*HORAT.* LIB. I. ODE V.

1. **Q**UIS *multâ gracilis te peur in rosâ*  
*Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus*

*Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?*

2. *Cui*





*HORACE* BOOK I. ODE V.

I M I T A T E D.

1. **W**HEN to that dear, but inauspici-  
ous Bow'r,

Fann'd with the Breath of ev'ry fragrant Flow'r,

(Where circling Boughs, in verdant Pomp array'd,

Paint the still Covert with a pleasing Shade)

You, Love dissembling, feign a kind Retreat,

Your Looks all mild, and languishingly sweet,

Say, *Pyrrha*, say, what gay unpractis'd Youth,

Lur'd by that Air of unaffected Truth,

What

2. *Cui flavam religas comam,  
Simplex munditiis?*

3. *Heu, quoties fidem,  
Mutatosq; Deos flebit, et aspera  
Nigris æquora ventis  
Emirabitur insolens,*

*Qui*

What gaudy Stripling, eager to be blest,  
 Sinks a glad Victim on thy perjur'd Breast?  
 And, while essential Sweets their Odours spread,  
 Clasps thee with Ardour on the rosy Bed?

2. O wondrous Nymph! whose piercing Charms  
 confess

Thy Form resistless, unadorn'd with Dress,  
 Beauteous by Nature, without Art too fair,  
 Tell me for whom thy Amber-colour'd Hair  
 In filken Wreaths its radiant Lustre shews,  
 Plays in each Motion, and in Ringlets flows :

3. Ill-fated Youth ! undone whoever he be,  
 While you, thus falsely, thus engaging, free,  
 With specious Innocence your Joys dispense,  
 And feast with Extasy the ravish'd Sense,  
 He, lost in Transports, forms an airy Scene  
 Of vast Delights, the Heav'ns appear serene,

Smooth



*Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ :*

*Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem*

*Sperat, nescius auræ*

*Fallacis !*

4.

*Miseri, quibus*

*Intentata nites.*

*s Me tabulâ*

Smooth glides the Surface of the chrystal Stream,  
 And Fancy wantons in the golden Dream,  
 Still hopes the same, and credulously fond  
 Boasts thee secure in Faith's eternal Bond ;  
 Alas ! too soon he'll feel his rash Mistake,  
 When from the soft Delusion forc'd to wake,  
 Starting he views the Heav'ns with Clouds o'ercast,  
 The furrow'd Ocean blackning to the Blast  
 Of angry Winds, and all the promis'd Bliss  
 Sunk in the Tumult of the dread Abyss.  
 How will he then in wild Despair lament  
 The wondrous Change, and curse the sad Event ;  
 4. Gods ! what a Train of Ills those Wretches wait,  
 Who proudly court their yet untasted Fate ;  
 Gaze on thy Charms, yet not suspect thy Wiles,  
 And catch at Ruin in ambiguous Smiles.

5.

*Me tabulâ sacer*

*Votivâ paries indicat uvida*

*Suspendisse potenti*

*Vestimenta maris Deo.*



' Once big with Hope, I spread my fwelling Sails,  
 Vainly secure of ever prosp'rous Gales,  
 Yet scarcely launch'd into the Deep, was met  
 By warring Winds, and raging Waves beset.  
 Long on the faithless Ocean rudely toft,  
 The Sport of Storms, my Bark at length was loft,  
 When some kind *Triton*, rushing to my Aid,  
 Caught me expiring, and to Land convey'd.  
 Now safe on Shore by *Neptune's* great Decree,  
 With pious Gratitude I'll quit the Sea,  
 Passion no more, with all its glitt'ring Train  
 Of frantick Joys, shall tempt me out again ;  
 But noble Reason shall the Tide controul,  
 And Virtue fix her Empire in my Soul.

F I N I S.

Once, with Hope, I found my dwelling built,  
Vainly I look'd for ever prosperous Gales,  
Yet heavily launched into the Deep, was cast  
By warring Winds, and raging Waves hurled;  
I long on the billows Ocean wildly roll'd,  
The spect of Death, my Bark at length was told,  
When I saw kind Heaven, smiling to my Aid,  
Caught me up, and to Land convey'd;  
Now I sit on Earth by Neptune's great Domain,  
With the Ocean's God I part the sea,  
I listen no more, with all its gliding train,  
Of deathly joys, still taught me out again;  
The dark Rocks tell the Tide content,  
And I move for ever happy in my soul.

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